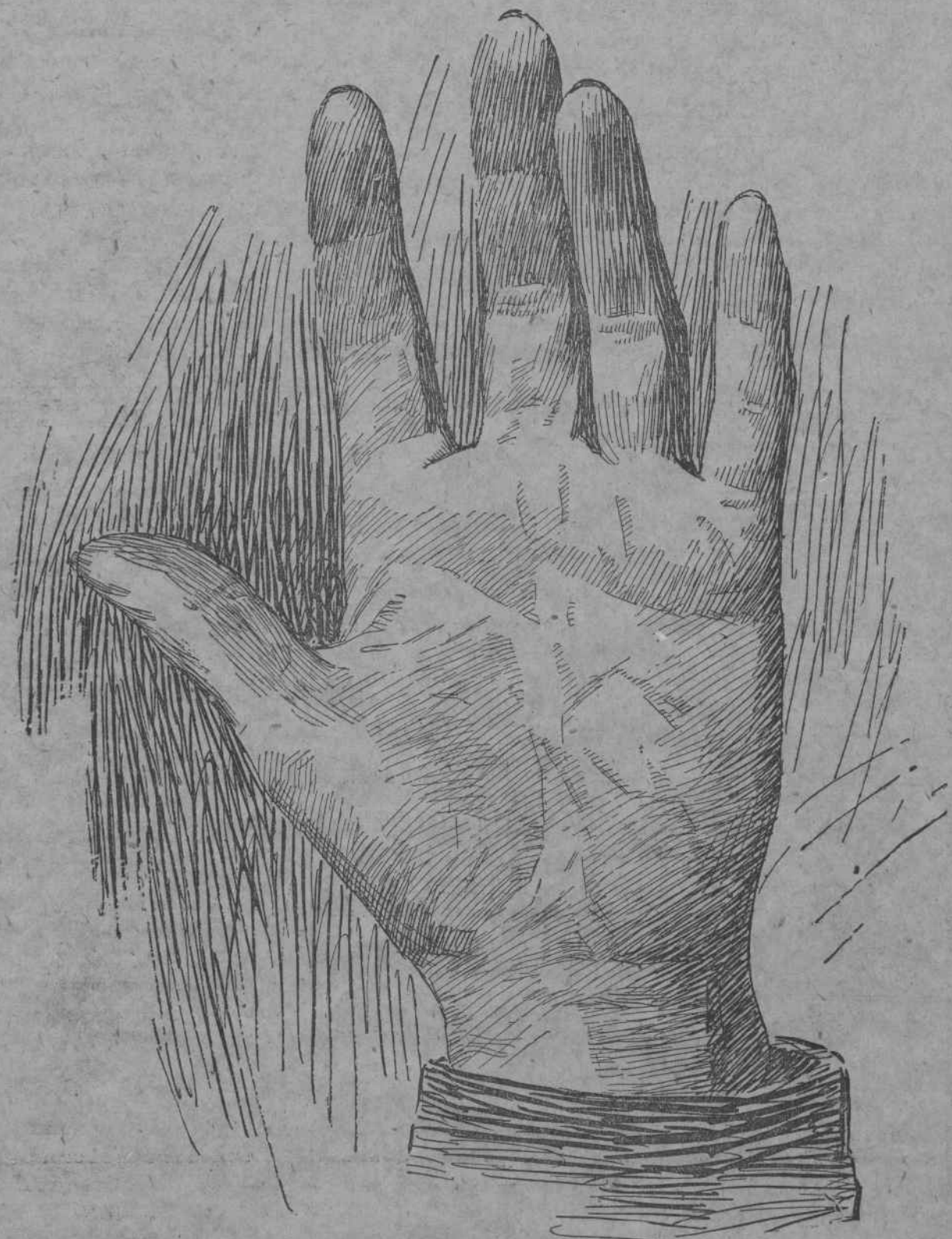


Of Interest to Women.

THE NEW SOCIAL LION, SWAMI VIVEKENANDA, CONDEMNS AMERICAN WOMEN—YVETTE GUILBERT'S CHARACTER REVEALED BY HER HAND—MRS. HETTY GREEN'S HANDSOME GOWN.

CHARACTER IN THE HANDS OF FAMOUS WOMEN.

The lady known as Queen Stella Gonzales, to whom has been intrusted the reading of the hands of women distinguished in the world of art, letters and society for the Journal, comes from a long ancestral line skilled in divination. She is the head of a band of Spanish gypsies, and, fresh from her successes at European courts, comes to this country for the purpose of establishing a college of palmistry. It is scarcely necessary to add that the palmist knows nothing of the identity of her subjects.



YVETTE GUILBERT.

This is an unlucky hand. More art than brain. She has pretty good logic, but has very little will power; the logic compensates the will. She has a yielding nature. She has a painful life. What she reaches she will lose. She has power to hold what she gains. She is one who acts under emotion. She has a rather indolent nature. She has a melancholy fate. Born for luxury, born for love, born for yielding, to look at life as a beautiful dream, but never born for struggling. But sad fate put her on a life for activity, for struggling and fight, for which she was never meant. Her hand shows that she does no menial work. She is artistic. Her life is one of passion, love and tears. She lacks strength of character. Everything about her is spontaneous. Through emotion she can do and make believe what she likes. She is an unhappy woman. It is the hand of an artist.

She excites the brains of others, but not their hearts. A strong individuality. A tendency for poetry.

Swami Vivekenanda Reproves American Women.

Swami Vivekenanda is a legacy left over by the World's Parliament of Religion at Chicago. The various metropolitans, high-priests, ecclesiastics and Mr. Joseph Cook were permitted to go their several ways. Vivekenanda alone was retained, to be, as Mr. Stead discreetly remarked, the popular guest of Chicago drawing rooms. This, more fully stated in the talk of the town, was that Vivekenanda had "mishled society."

Swami Vivekenanda is a Hindu monk. Before he came to this country he was a wandering priest, bareheaded, begging from door to door, and eating what was set before him. He was sent hither by a Hindu priest, who paid the expenses of his shipment. He lectures for money, but this is sent to India for religious purposes. Swami Vivekenanda, notwithstanding months of residence in high mountains, in order to discard the material advantages of nature, is yet a man of the world, and believes in a certain conformity. He accordingly, against his religion, tries to eat meat. But he is accorded with saying that the most difficult thing he has encountered in his earthly career was the effort to dispose of the pork and dressed beef at Chicago tables.

"I would like very much for our women to have your intellectuality, but not if it must be at the cost of foolishness," said Swami Vivekenanda. "I admire all that you know, but I dislike the way that you cover what is bad with roses and call it good. Intellectuality is not the highest good. Morality, spirituality are the things for which we strive. Our women are not so learned, but they are more pure. To all women every man save her husband should be as her son. To all men every woman save his own wife should be as his mother. When I look about me and see what you call gallantry my soul is filled with disgust. Not until you learn to ignore the question of sex and to meet on a ground of common humanity will your women really develop. Until then they are playthings, nothing more. All this is the cause of divorce. You men bow low and offer a chair, but in another breath they pay compliments. They say, 'Oh, madam, how beautiful are your eyes!' What right have they to do this? How dare a man venture so far, and how can you women permit it? Such things develop the less noble side of humanity. They do not tend to nobler ideals."



NAIL POWDER FOR POLISHING.

Silicon 4 ounces.
Oxide of zinc 1 ounce.
Infusorial earth. 1/2 ounce.
Lake (OO) Enough to color pale rose.
Mix in a mortar and sift through fine sieve.
HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

Miss Gloria de Cespedes, daughter of the late General de Cespedes, at one time President of Cuba, is engaged to be married to Mr. Charles Alton de Lima. Mr. de Lima resides at the Dakota, No. 1 West Seventy-second street.

Talking Americanness.

[Harlem Life.]

Reports have reached Harlem to the effect that a young and popular Harlequin, who is travelling in the Southwest, was mistaken for a Spanish spy in Mexico and detained just because he spoke Spanish with the accuracy of a native. His identity having been revealed and his passport made more accurate, he has returned the American freedom, and writes that he carries the latest emblem of the American Star Spangled Banner next to his breast, and is satisfied to talk Americanness to the suspicious brunettes.

Manned by Monks.

[Philadelphia Press.]

There is a vessel sailing under the Turkish flag manned entirely by monks. It is called the Holy Prophet Elijah, and is of about 100 tons burden. The captain is a Jeronach, a monk ranging higher than a friar, and all the sailors are expert seamen, as well as monks and brothers. The pilot, Father Hieraculus, has sailed over all the oceans, having circumnavigated the globe. The entire crew speak both Russian and Greek.

FOR LIGHTHOUSEKEEPERS.

A happy optimist has created the phrase "light housekeeping." The light housekeeper is apt to be a person engaged in the serious practice of breadwinning by day, who prefers a look after her personal comfort rather than to be ministered to three times a day by a restaurant. As her space is, in the nature of things, limited, she acquires laborsaving ideas concerning



storage. A Japanese screen conceals her gas stove, and her pots and pans are ranged unobtrusively behind Liberty silk curtains. The little arrangement which is here illustrated is for light housekeepers. It comes, as it happens, from Paris, where it is known as "buetter Americaine." It probably was inspired by some of the American girl students there, who have exported light housekeeping to the Latin Quarter. It can easily be built by a journeyman carpenter out of soft wood and be stained to fall in with the color of the room. As will be seen, the opportunity for silk curtains is desirably ample.

IN CITY TWILIGHT.

Day is done with its mulling strain.
On the sea of dusk the arc-lamps swim.
Now mounts of light for the heart of night.
Now wavering sparks, all faint and dim.
A steely sky and a raveling wind—
See it madly tatter the plumes of steam,
And whip the pennons of threadly smoke
To a dance as wild as a witches' dream.
Threadly smoke from a myriad hearths—
And one thread thickens—mounts high
And higher.
With a lurid glow in the depths below—
Hark through the dark, to the cry of
"Fire!"
Hark to the tramp of a thousand feet,
The thunderous hoofs, and the fire-bells
clanging!
Good beasts, go!—like the winds that blow,
Now life or death on your speed is hanging!

Fly, brave beasts, as the arrow flies!
The pavestones spurn with a burning
heel!

The raveling wind hath swords of flame
That bite as never bit swords of steel.
Higher, higher, they leap and dart—
Colder, shriller, the wild wind raves.
Hurrah! The fire lads! See them dash,
With the strength that dares and the
skill that saves.

Strength that fears not a raveling wind—
Skill to parry the swords of flame.
Hark to the hiss of the leaping streams,
At whose roar the red death groweth
tame!
And crouches, crackling, snarling still,
With only sparks for the cruel blast.
Hurrah! Hurrah! for a battle won—
And God be praised for a danger past!

AMERICANS ABROAD.

Miss Anna Klumpke has the honor of the upper end of the gallery in the exhibition of the Union des Femmes, Paris.

Elizabeth Monroe is conspicuous with a large Dutch subject, "The Knitting Lesson."

Lily, Duchess of Marlborough, is reported, in black velvet, assisting at the marriage of Lady Somerset's son to Lady Katherine Brancolek.

Mrs. Henry Drake and Mrs. Moore, with Mme. Ernest de Worth, gave a soiree dansante recently at their hospitable home on the Avenue Bois de Boulogne, at which the American colony had a "real good time."

Miss Ella Russell is singing with great success in Wagner operas in London. Her Elsa is described as a "throbbing human document."

Mlle. Zelle de Lussan has recently added "Mignon" to her "Carmen," and still later captured London as "The Daughter of the Regiment," which suits both her voice and temperament.

THE COLORS MEN LIKE.

Men are never supposed to know whether a woman is well dressed or not, except she is in black and white. It is a common belief held by women that men dislike all shades of heliotrope, purple and mauve. The only approach to a solution was from a woman who had heard a man say these were penitential tints and implied sin and remorse. But he was an emotional and imaginative person. There is a tender pensiveness about mauve and heliotrope, but purple, which should be regal, has become distinctly a commonplace tint. Its present rehabilitation has been through the interposition of reds and blues under such new names as "cinnabron" and "hyacinth." Men, in fact, like cheerful colors. When the woman was asked what color he wanted his uniform, he answered:

"Any color, so it's red."
The fireman spoke for ninety-nine out of every hundred of his sex. All men love blue. It appeals to those tender sentiments with which each man starts out, at least, in his heart. A woman having an important lawsuit, her counsel conferred on the important subject of her dress. "A blue dress for the jury," was their unanimous decision.

Two Harts That Beat as One.

Between Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Hart life does not seem to be worth living. Mrs. Hart insists that all domestic had temper is the result of excessive meat eating, and prescribes for the family a diet of cereals, roots and fruits. If you only eat enough of these you will never say a wicked thing and never be unkind. Dr. Ernest Hart meanwhile has been busy upstairs and taken out the bed, bedding and all the pretty ruffled nightgowns. A bedstead he calls a ridiculous contrivance; sheets and blankets are worse than the swaddling clothes of savages; night gowns are unhealthy and ugly. These he replaces with long deck chairs and eiderdown quilts. What one is to do in case of fire he does not add.

THE NEW CRITICISM.

Else (to auntie, who has been reading aloud stories from the Old Testament): "Yes, auntie, it is a very nice book—but I think it is more fit for boys."—Greifenhagen.

TO THE WASHERWOMEN OF FINE.

Limpness is the order of the hour. In Paris the man of fashion wears his plastron entirely devoid of starch. A few months ago the shirt front was as starched as a splinter. Now it is ornamented with a series of tiny baby tucks, such as women wore last Summer in their chemisettes. These are certainly not as imposing as the starched and glazed affair, but for the moment are enjoying that distinction that fashion always gives. As for the price of washing shirts, there is to be no reduction.

SHE HAD NO BONNET.

Salvors' wives, when they go with their husbands, sacrifice some of the privileges of their sex on shore. One of these is keeping up with the fashion. There is, for example, Captain Southard's wife, of the bark Hattie G. Dixon, arrived at Baltimore, just from China. On touching port Mrs. Southard was invited to dine on shore, but was compelled to decline because she had been seven months at sea and all her bonnets and gowns had gone out of fashion.

DISH OF THE SEASON.

Park Avenue Hotel.

How to Make Broiled Salmon Cutlets en Papillote.

Cut slices of the thick part of the fish about an inch thick, dip them in clarified butter and sprinkle lightly with pepper and salt, lay each cutlet on half a sheet of buttered paper, turn it over and twist the paper at each end. Then proceed to broil the cutlets over a slow fire for about eight minutes. Serve in thin paper with anchovy sauce.

*John Paul
E. P. Reed*

CYCLING NOTES.

It is a great interest to an amateur rider to fill up an imposing mileage during the year, and exhibit it proudly to her admiring friends and rivals. This often tempts a woman to ride farther than she should. But mileage is as easily piled up by many short distances as by a few long ones, and anybody who rides most days out of the week will be amazed to see how her record mounts. A cyclist, be it hinted, is the safest thing by which to check distances. It is not always safe to calculate them by one's own feelings, or even by an accurate map. One is apt to think one has ridden far, or the reverse, according to one's own sensations. It is too common to hear people boasting of

twenty-mile rides when they have not really exceeded ten miles. A cyclistometer may put a stop to a good deal of unwarranted pride, and serve as a salutary check upon its owner, if properly used.

The remedy is such a simple one that it can be given in a few words: Never ride beyond the point of exhaustion. If the novice will be content to turn back toward home on a run before she feels tired, instead of afterward; if she will have the good sense to understand that she must get off her cycle feeling able to start off for a walk, instead of merely dragging herself to her sofa, she will find to her surprise that each time she goes out she is able to ride farther without being tired, and that at last she experiences less fatigue at the end of forty miles than she once did after four.

Miss Emma Guy, Kentucky's State Librarian.

Lexington, Ky., Feb. 12.—Miss Emma Guy, the young lady who has just been elected State Librarian by the Kentucky Legislature, when seen by the Journal correspondent and asked how she came to go into politics and how she made her campaign, replied:

"I suppose I was a born politician—my father was a politician before me. I have been a school teacher ever since I left college and came to know the leading politicians of the State very well. Through the influence of some of my father's old friends I was induced to make the race for State Librarian in 1883 against Mrs. Day, who had served several terms. While I got a very respectable vote in the caucus, she easily defeated me, but I succeeded in getting the caucus nomination of the Democrats at the present session of the Legislature. For several weeks, however, it seemed as if the nomination would do me no good. The race for United States Senator involved my chances. Several of my warmest friends and best workers were opposed to Senator Blackburn for re-election. This made the Blackburn men mad and they declared they would not elect me. Finally my friends, after much persuasion, induced the Blackburn men to support me and I was elected by a handsome majority."

Miss Emma Guy, who won such an exciting battle, was born in Simpson County, Ky., in 1867. She was the daughter of Hon. Ashby Guy, a prominent politician and Mason. Her father was a native of Allen County, where he resided at the time of his death, which occurred when Miss Emma was eight years old. At the age of nine she was sent to the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home, at Louisville, the first institution of the kind established west of the Alleghany Mountains. Here she attended school five years. She was a remarkably bright pupil and acquitted herself with much honor and made many friends. She was one of the pets of the institution and was made much of by all the prominent Masons who visited the home while she was there. She remained at home several years after returning from Louisville and then went to Howard College, Gallatin, Tenn., where she completed scientific and Latin courses. As at Louisville, she distinguished herself as being the possessor of a remarkably retentive memory and was victorious in four contests for medals offered by the institution. Her object in getting an education was to fit herself for a teacher. After returning from college she was soon placed in charge of a school and has been engaged almost continuously ever since as a teacher in the public schools of Kentucky. She was a great success as a teacher. She took a deep interest in all educational matters, attended all conventions and meetings held throughout the State for the purpose of advancing the cause of education, and in this way became acquainted with many of the leading men of the State. Her election is a most popular one, indeed. Having a wide acquaintance and being highly esteemed by all who know her for the many noble qualities she has exhibited in her struggle in the battle of life, there are few persons in Kentucky who envy her the good fortune that has befallen her.



"My election was a stormy one. The Republicans moved to adjourn the joint session, but the Democrats, who were determined to try to elect a Librarian, got in a call for the yeas and noes, and Lieutenant-Governor Worthington had no excuse not to put the vote. All depended on Representative Poor, the Populist, whether he would stand by the Democrats and vote against the adjournment. To the great delight of my friends Mr. Poor voted 'No' amid much applause. This meant a refusal to adjourn and a fight. A resolution to proceed to the election of the Librarian had already been prepared. Senator Brinson moved to proceed to the election of a Librarian. The Chair ruled the motion out of order and the expected appeal came. The Chair vacated at called the President pro tem, Goebel, to the chair. As Goebel took the chair there was an irrepressible yell from the Democrats inside and out the chamber. The vote on the appeal from the decision of the Chair was called."

Miss Emma Guy, who won such an exciting battle, was born in Simpson County, Ky., in 1867. She was the daughter of Hon. Ashby Guy, a prominent politician and Mason. Her father was a native of Allen County, where he resided at the time of his death, which occurred when Miss Emma was eight years old. At the age of nine she was sent to the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home, at Louisville, the first institution of the kind established west of the Alleghany Mountains. Here she attended school five years. She was a remarkably bright pupil and acquitted herself with much honor and made many friends. She was one of the pets of the institution and was made much of by all the prominent Masons who visited the home while she was there. She remained at home several years after returning from Louisville and then went to Howard College, Gallatin, Tenn., where she completed scientific and Latin courses. As at Louisville, she distinguished herself as being the possessor of a remarkably retentive memory and was victorious in four contests for medals offered by the institution. Her object in getting an education was to fit herself for a teacher. After returning from college she was soon placed in charge of a school and has been engaged almost continuously ever since as a teacher in the public schools of Kentucky. She was a great success as a teacher. She took a deep interest in all educational matters, attended all conventions and meetings held throughout the State for the purpose of advancing the cause of education, and in this way became acquainted with many of the leading men of the State. Her election is a most popular one, indeed. Having a wide acquaintance and being highly esteemed by all who know her for the many noble qualities she has exhibited in her struggle in the battle of life, there are few persons in Kentucky who envy her the good fortune that has befallen her.



Mrs. Hetty Green and Her New Gown.

Mrs. Hetty Green has a new dress of black silk, severely plain, so far as the skirt is concerned, but ornamented with a row of jet passementerie along the shoulders. It has large puffed sleeves and a standing collar. The new cape, which she bought to go with the silk gown, is in keeping. It is of rich silk velvet and is made double. The main part extends well below the waist, while the upper cape reaches only about to the shoulders. This and the big standing collar are heavily trimmed with long Russian sable. The bonnet is an unusually fragile-looking one for Mrs. Green to wear. To the layman it seems to be mainly composed of two large silk bows and a row of artificial English violets. It is becoming, however, and has neatly taken off fully ten years of Mrs. Green's age. She first wore this dress and wrap last Sunday. The costume was unexpected and its effect in Brooklyn was as marked as that upon Judge Van Wyck and his court.

Mrs. Green is now living at the St. George Hotel, Brooklyn, where she occupies suites Nos. 3, 11, 13. "There is a great stir about these numbers," say the bell boys of the hotel that rivals the numbers 4, 11, 44 in this city, and the small boys who have consequently "gone broke" under the curb stones like the wreckage of Wall Street.

THE SURE FOR A RED NOSE.

How Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer Alleviates This Inflation.

Red noses are frequently caused by indigestion, acidity of the stomach, and, of course, by poor circulation of the blood. A red nose is fatal to a woman's beauty. Patience and real care will usually control the belligerent feature.

The dyspeptic with a red nose should abstain from all rich food, spices, tea, coffee, hot breads, stimulants of every kind. The plainest of food with plenty of ripe fruit, an abundance of fresh air will frequently be all the treatment necessary.

Where the feet are cold it is positively essential to get them warm.

A French physician told me long ago that rubbing the feet briskly for fifteen minutes just before going to bed would insure their warmth the entire night, and I have discovered that a woman afflicted with a red nose may fairly count on relief, though but temporary, if she will, the day before going to a ball, for instance (where a scarlet nose will not add the effect of her white satin gown) remain indoors, keep her feet warm by the method I have suggested, refrain from sitting near a fire, and at night, when going to her carriage, carefully muffle her face.

Where red noses are produced from acidity of the stomach, a simple remedy like the following will act magically by removing the cause:

Half teaspoonful of sulphate of soda. Dissolve in half a tumbler of boiling hot water; drink as hot as you can one hour before breakfast; repeat the dose in thirty minutes.

Tight lacing, stricture of any kind, will frequently produce red noses. I have seen the difficulty caused by a pair of tight garters.

Local irritation will, of course, produce inflammation, and the intense itching which accompanies this most disagreeable condition may be allayed by Dr. Augagneur's prescription, which is much used in France: Phenolic acid (crystals) . . . 5 grammes. Pure glycerine . . . Enough to dissolve. Syrup of orange peel . . . 400 grammes. Dose for an adult, one teaspoonful twice daily.

J. J.—Rose Paste is made as follows: Spermaceti . . . 1/2 of an ounce. White wax . . . 1/2 of an ounce. Oil of almond . . . 4 1/2 drachms. Alkanet root . . . 1 ounce. Attar of roses . . . 1/2 drachm. Melt the first four ingredients in a hot water bath. Strain, beat until nearly cold, then add attar of roses.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.